

THE YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH

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OUR CONTRIBUTORS

The Dawning

THE day is at the portals,
His torch is gleaming bright,
And rays of softened color
Proclaim the end of night.

'Tis dawn! the light is tinting
With prismic hues the sky;
'Tis dawn! the clouds are drifting
While mystic breezes sigh.

From ev'ry verdant hilltop,
From valley and from glen,
The merry birds are singing;
'Tis morning once again!

The lovely hues are fading,
And soon must pass away;
For they are but prophetic
Of garish, toilsome Day.

The Dawn has much of promise,
But Day brings only toil:
In Youth we long for pleasure,
Yet Life but brings turmoil.

But Dawn inspireth courage
With which to live the Day,
And Youth's bright visions linger
Along Life's rugged way.

FRED SANTEE.

The Power of Prayer

A MOTHER and father kneeling at the family altar with their children at the hour of prayer, morning and evening, is one of the pleasantest sights that our sin-blighted earth presents. Our first parents, in their paradise home, with no taint of sin to bring sorrow or death, in the midst of unblighted nature had frequent seasons of worship. This link that binds us to God's throne was accorded man even after the fall.

Through the seed of the woman the promise of perfect restoration from sin and complete victory over Satan was given. Through the exceeding great and precious promises we are made "partakers of the divine nature, having escaped the corruption that is in the world through lust."

The influence of a prayer in which the promises of God are borne back to his throne on the wings of faith, can never be fully known in this life. A mother, praying for her children in a quiet grove, was unexpectedly observed by one of her little boys. Under the influence of that home training he early gave his heart to God, and devoted his life to the work of the ministry. In his after-life he never saw a retired spot in a shaded wood but the image of that mother's kneeling form and upturned face came back to him and invited him to secret prayer.

A mother, dying, gathered her two sons and a daughter around her bedside and requested the privilege of offering one more prayer for them before she was parted from them by death. She had lived before them a quiet Christian life. At the family altar her prayer had daily ascended as sweet incense; but the children were unmoved. After this last prayer, the mother laid down

earth's cares with the last expression of her faith ringing in the ears of her children, "I expect to meet you in heaven." I was in a meeting when this story was told by one of the sons, after his sister, the last of the three, had surrendered her heart to God. It was touching to hear the young man, after relating the incident of his mother's last prayer, say, with deep emotion, "Mother's prayers have prevailed. We have all three started to meet her in the kingdom of God."

Mothers, keep on praying. Fathers, keep on praying. Young friends, keep on praying. "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."
R. C. PORTER.

Beveled Edges

"YES, he has edges, but they are all beveled," was said of a man of positive opinions with suave manners. A character so desirable combines two excellent features—features that are ordinarily exclusive of each other. For example, here is a man of decided views and strong convictions. His views are correct, and his convictions are sound. Such a man is worth a great deal to society. But he would be of much greater value if he were not so insistent, overbearing, and sharp-edged as to make himself unnecessarily disagreeable even to those who would like to stand with him. On the other hand, here is a man without edges. Peace at any price is his motto. He agrees with the last speaker. He votes with the crowd. It is not that he is absolutely unprincipled, but that he seems not to know where politeness shades off into insincerity. In view of these two extremes of crushing granite and plastic putty, it is a pleasant thing to find one who knows what he thinks, but who puts his thought persuasively instead of polemically. He does not prove his courage by provoking a fight, nor demonstrate his erectness by standing on other people's toes. He has edges, but they are beveled.

Mark this, however, it is the man that is beveled, not the truth, at least not all truths. The Lord has put into our hearts and on our lips certain truths that are designed to pierce and cut, and no man has the right to blunt the point or edge of them. They are ministers of mercy. Like the surgeon's knife, they hurt to heal. But the man who speaks a painful truth may follow the apostolic counsel: "Speaking the truth in love."

The woes that Jesus uttered may be read like fierce curses, or may be read like plaint of a breaking heart. Is not the latter their more probable tone? The most unwelcome truth may be proclaimed winningly, appealingly—will be so proclaimed if there is love in the heart of the speaker—without diminishing aught of its penetrating power. It is love that bevels the edges.—*William Henry Gerstweit.*

Two Givers

RECENTLY there has been brought to my personal observation two contrasted instances of giving. They point their lesson with their own eloquence.

The first case is that of a girl about fourteen

years of age, who is extremely poor, but loves her Master much. A chance to pledge to missions was given, and the girl put her name down for two dollars and a half. Where she would get it she did not know. Her parents reprimanded her for her act. But her heart's love was so great that, when the appeal came, she could not restrain herself. She told her parents that there was something within her that forced her to give. With full confidence she felt that a way would be provided for the meeting of the pledge. She prayed and patiently waited.

When the summer vacation from school came, she went to work in the canning factory. Now she could easily pay the pledge; but no, that money must go to help support the family and prepare them for the necessities of the winter. This, then, was not the open door to her.

But a door did open. A neighbor had a misfortune in harvesting his pea crop. The rains made it impossible to gather the peas into the barn until many of them had shelled upon the ground. These would have gone to waste, but Miss Nellie saw her opportunity. She went to the farmer and asked whether she might pick them, and he said, "Certainly, and I will pay you for them." After the day's toil at the factory, while it was still light, she labored evening after evening until her task was completed. The farmer settled with her, and to her great surprise she had earned more than the amount pledged to the missionary cause. This was the Lord's money, and all was for him. What love! What sacrifice! How the Lord appreciates such service!

The second case is that of a wealthy woman. Her husband is said to be worth a million dollars. She is a member of the missionary society. There is no sacrifice for her to make, no anxious hours as to how the money is to be secured, no hard, back-aching toil after the day's task had been accomplished. She has simply to open her costly purse and place the bill upon the plate.

It was at a thank-offering of the woman's missionary society. Others were casting into the plate, at the entrance door of the church, their gifts as they felt they could afford. This woman, elegantly dressed and sweetly perfumed, pursued her way in the procession to the thank-offering plate. She paused, extended a hand bedecked with jewels representing thousands of dollars, in which was a five-dollar bill, and asked the treasurer to take out a dollar. Her love for the Master was measured by the value of one dollar. But was it?—No, for to the startled amazement of the treasurer, before this woman had received her change, she had asked, "Will this dollar be credited to my monthly pledge?" She gives forty-five cents a month. A paltry dollar for the Lord, but thousands for self. But this is the measure of love. It marks a poverty of soul that Jesus saw and condemned.—*J. Canfield Van Doren.*

Bunyan's Better Way

BETTER, though difficult, the right way to go
Than wrong, though easy, where the end is woe.

—*John Bunyan.*



BURMA.—My native Sabbath-school is so refreshing that I gain much spiritually by teaching these people. When I began my day-school, I could not speak a word of their tongue, and they could not speak mine; but God helped us to teach each other. We would touch objects, and both say the word in our own tongue, and thus I got their name, and they obtained the English. It would rejoice your hearts to see them so joyfully put their pice into the collection plate at Sabbath-school. I am so glad I am here! Pray for my native boys, whom I love and am trying to reach with this message.
MRS. H. H. VOTAW.

INDIA.—It is estimated that there are five million natives in India who can speak the English language, and year by year the number is increasing. In large cities the rising generation is fast learning it. When we consider the fact that there are more young men every year attending colleges in India than in England, and thousands are taking their degrees every year, some idea can be gained of the rapidity of the introduction of Western education.

Is not this an evidence that God is opening the door for the entrance of his Word in this land? And can we not see him going out before us, and hear in the wide diffusion of English education in India, the voice of God saying, "Now, just now, is the time to take hold in earnest in the East"?

Come along, then, young friends in the home land. Delay no longer.
J. L. SHAW.

CANTON.—Recently we received an order from America, and one from Australia, that helped us to get out another edition of "Sinner's Need of Christ," and our workers here in the south have raised enough to translate and partly pay for the printing of a booklet of fresh matter prepared by Mr. Anderson, entitled "Know Thy Creator," intended as a pioneer piece. Then we have the Sabbath tract prepared by Brother Keh. These are all published in easy Wau-li, or the book language common to all the provinces of China. We are doing all in our power to bring our expenses down to the minimum; but with the little help we have, and that not strictly reliable, we feel the need of more literature.

Our brethren in Honan are anxious to put out matter in their local dialect. They have secured a man to run the press, and are preparing to that end. They have begun to publish a small monthly sheet representing present truth.

MRS. J. N. ANDERSON.

RAROTONGA.—Our work here has taken a turn for the good. Heretofore it has been difficult to sell our literature, but lately the natives seem eager for it. I have been canvassing Avarua, and have covered about two thirds of it, and without exception have placed a book in every home. So eager were some to obtain a copy, that before I got through the canvass, they stopped me by asking the price and going to get the money.

During the past month two have begun to keep the Sabbath. One is a fine old native man, a deacon in one of the London Missionary Society churches. The other is the white lady with whom Sister Piper has been working. This lady's taking hold has greatly encouraged us. You know of the prejudice from the white people in the past. Now it has passed away, and they wel-

come us to their homes. This change has not been brought about by lowering our standard. "This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes."

Sister Evelyn Gooding, who of late has been much worn, writes thus: "I felt that with the help of God I could face all the white people, and solicit subscriptions for the *Signs*. The Lord took away every nervous feeling, and gave me good success. The ladies were out at a tea party the first day, and so I called on the men at their places of business. I secured eight yearly subscriptions, and two for three months, and sold one copy of 'Bible Readings,' all in the first two days. I felt that the Lord wanted this work done, and that I was the one to do it, and that they needed the truth which is in the paper. I feel that if I am true to the Lord, he will cause my influence to count in these homes. I am feeling stronger every day. I believe that the time spent in these homes will not be lost. We are happy in the Lord, and all have the same burden for the people here, both whites and natives."

A. H. PIPER.

The Sun Is Bright

WHEN mists and rain begin to fall,
Never mind;
The sun is bright behind it all,
Never mind;
The clouds will part, the skies grow blue,
And all the world look bright to you.

—Chicago Chronicle.

Better Quality Wanted

THE world is always asking for men and women who are not for sale; for those who are honest and sound, true to the heart's core; for those who will condemn wrong in friend or foe, and in themselves as well as in others; for those whose consciences are as steady as the needle to the pole, who will stand for the right though the heavens totter and the earth reels, who will tell the truth and look the world and the devil square in the eye, and neither flinch, brag, nor run. Those men are wanted who can have courage without shouting it, men in whom the current of everlasting life runs deep and strong; those who do not cry nor cause their voice to be heard in the street, but who will not fail nor become discouraged till judgment is set in the earth; those who know their places and fill them, who know their business and attend to it, and are not too lazy to work nor too proud to be poor; those who are willing to eat what they have earned and what they have paid for; those who will spend one half of their time attending to their own business, and the other half in letting other people's business alone. Those men are wanted who will not ask, "Lord, and what shall this man do?" but who will press steadily onward in the path of duty, having their "faces set like a flint toward Zion;" those who do not expect to ride into heaven by being "connected with the cause;" those who realize that they who are riding instead of pushing will soon be severed from the cause; those who are large-hearted and level-headed, and whose daily life plainly shows that they have been with Jesus and learned of him; those who, when called to bear burdens, move cheerfully forward, never complaining nor faultfinding, but instead of chewing the "bitter pill" will swallow it in a cup of patience and cold water; those who know that the pathway of faith runs close beside that of fanaticism, but know that the two never meet; those who know that it is not work but worry which kills men, and that work is healthful, while worry is rust upon the blade; that it is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

Give us an army of such young people, and we will soon stir the world. We would soon carry the message to earth's remotest bounds, and thus hasten "that glad day." We have some of this class in the canvassing field, but where

we have *one*, we need *one hundred*. Where, O where, are the "ninety and nine"?

G. PHILLIPS.

The Right Kind of Study

"STUDY to show thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth." 2 Tim. 2:15. Many study the Scriptures to display their knowledge of them; others to draw attention to themselves; still others to qualify themselves to teach. Yet the apostle urges the young man Timothy to have before him as his motive in studying, the approval of his Creator. And we may be sure that when one gains the approval of the Lord, there will be nothing of which to be ashamed.

If one would carry on this kind of study, then it is essential that one rightly divide the Word of truth. This embraces the wise and appropriate application of Scripture to the individuals dealt with in personal work. If a student of the Bible makes obvious mistakes, his handling of the subjects he treats will be discredited, and his influence with those he wishes to persuade will be lost. Thus he will become a stumbling-block to those whom he wishes to lead into the light, and his work will be in vain.

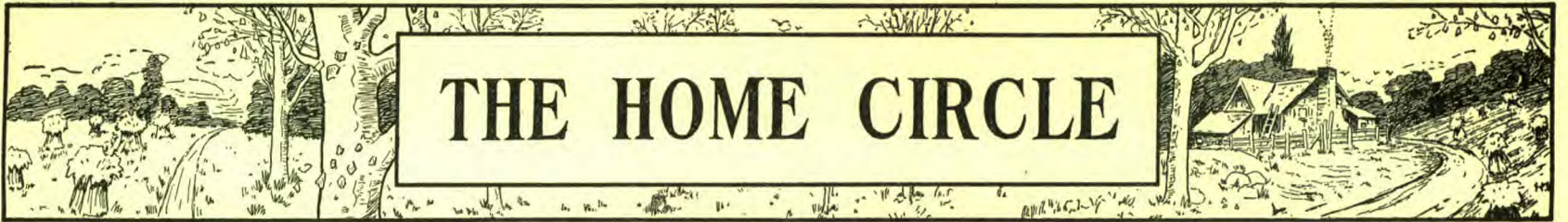
Every workman must have something with which to work, and the Christian worker will naturally use the Bible, the Word of God, or, as Paul called it, the "word of truth." And those who minister the word of truth will be ministers of him who said he was "the Truth"—Christ Jesus. Those who have but recently been "born again," need what Peter calls "the sincere milk of the word;" while others, who are mature in the Christian life, and have had experience with the things of God, may be given "strong meat." We should aim to give meat in due season, the right kind of food to the right kind of person at the right time. To enable us to do so, we must study both the people and the Scriptures, that we may minister the truth with discretion.

We may have the best kind of gospel seed, the most suitable soil, and the most promising circumstances, but unless these are wisely combined, we shall not reap a harvest. What we do, must be in harmony with the work of the Holy Spirit, or we shall labor in vain. Just as the grain of wheat that is planted, has to be operated upon by the forces of nature, so the efforts we put forth to win souls, must be blessed by God, and properly cultivated, or the soul will not be led to the cross.

We should ask God for wisdom and guidance in this delicate but all-important work of shedding abroad the light that has been cast on our own lives, and we shall find that the closer our own walk is with God, the more will he be able to use us as channels for giving light to those who sit in darkness and in the shadow of death. The text, "The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light," need not always apply; for we are told that "they shall be all taught of God," and it only remains for us to be willing to sit at the feet of the Master, and humbly learn of him.

The third angel's message contains just what people are seeking; although in many instances they scarcely know just what they do want. In this great message are embraced all the truth that the present generation needs—truth for their mental, physical, and spiritual demands. We especially need to be careful that the truth we know is not merely a beautiful theory. It is quite possible to talk eloquently about justification by faith, yet at the same time not know it by personal experience. Which shall it be to us, a fascinating theory or a blessed reality? Let us take care that the fundamental points of our belief are in our hearts, and exemplified in our lives.

Again, in personal work, let us be careful to
(Concluded on page four)



THE HOME CIRCLE

Home

"THE kingdom of home is a beautiful realm,
Its subjects the truest that ever were seen,
When the father rules with a strong, wise hand,
And a loving mother, its faithful queen.
But a desert land is the kingdom cold,
Where Self is lord, and Might is king;
Where Love lies dead, in its poisoned bed,
And dread and doubting to all things cling."

A Picture of God

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in his own world. He comes to his own, and they who are his own kinsfolk keep him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at him through the crack at the hinges. To know God truly is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God that I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town. He had a son about fourteen years of age, and going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, asked for the father, and said: "Is your boy sick?" "No; why?" "He was not at school to-day?" "Is that so?" "Nor yesterday." "You don't mean it!" "Nor the day before." "Well!" "And I supposed he was sick." "No, he's not sick." "Well, I thought I should tell you." And the father said, "Thank you." And the teacher left.

The father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew when he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said, "Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went. And the door was closed. And the father said, "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school to-day, nor yesterday, nor the day before. And I supposed you were. You let us think you were. And you do not know how badly I feel. I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy, Phil.' And here you have been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel." Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, or had spoken roughly, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then; but they got down. And the father prayed. And the boy knew as he listened how badly his father felt over his conduct. And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry.

Then the father said, "Phil, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there's suffering. You can't detach these two things. Where there is suffering, there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin, there will be suffering. You can't get the two things apart. Now," he said, "you've done wrong; and I am in this home like God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times. And you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie, three days and three nights." And Phil didn't say anything. They went up stairs, the pallet was made, and the father left the boy.

Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon

the food, the bigger it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clear out of the question. Then they went up into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. His eyes were not very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't see distinctly. The glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses. So he took them off and cleaned them carefully, and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke. And she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You see they were both bothered. By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" and he said, "I think I'll not go yet; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait a bit." And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. They then arose, and went to bed; but not to sleep. Each one made pretense to be asleep, and each knew the other was not asleep. And she said, "Why don't you sleep?" and he said, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?" "Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy." "That's the bother with me." And the clock in

man for three days and three nights. That's God. And he comes and puts his life alongside of yours and mine, and makes us hate the bad and long to be pure. To spend the day with him—that is the true normal life.—*S. D. Gordon.*

Comparatives

"NELL COLFAX is the greatest girl for superlatives!" said Lydia, disdainfully. "Everything is the 'loveliest,' the 'sweetest,' and the 'dearest' she ever saw!"

"I think superlatives are not half so apt to be disagreeable to listen to as comparatives, dearie," said privileged Aunt Lydia.

"Comparatives," echoed Lydia. "What do you mean?"

"Just watch yourself for a little while, and perhaps you'll see," was the reply.

Lydia was considerably puzzled until that noon when she caught herself saying to Minerva Clapp, whose house faced the west, "I think it's always much nicer to have your house face the east. Our porch is so much cooler in the afternoon than yours." And then Aunt Lydia's expression was illumined.

At bedtime she counted up just seven similar slips of the tongue.

"Green is prettier for you," she had said to auburn-haired Patty, who was christening a new, bright-blue dress of very durable material.

"It is easier to play on a dirt court," was the remark she had made to their neighbor, Alec, who took pride in the home-made grass court he had marked out in his own yard.

"Jonquils or hyacinths would be more appropriate for spring," she said to Aunt Lydia, who carried a box of roses to a sick friend.

"Our baby walked earlier than that," she said to Cousin Carry, whose baby sister was just beginning to toddle.

"I've been farther south than that," she said to a school friend, jubilant over a trip of a hundred miles to the south.—*New Guide.*

A Professor's History

In a little country town in the State of New York lived a family of moderate means. The father owned the little store of the place; and while he did a thriving business for a country town, it brought him no more means than was necessary to sustain his large family.

The oldest boy was a bright, studious lad who had worked hard at his studies while attending the country schools. His father saw in him a valuable helper for his mercantile business, and determined to give Bert what he called "a fair chance to make something of himself." This "fair chance" was a position as clerk in his country store. Time rolled on, and instead of Mr. Blank seeing his boy associating with the loafers generally found in country stores, he found him using his spare time in study. In the course of time he developed into a stenographer, and secured a position in a large city, where he received a good salary. Not satisfied with this, he determined to have a college education. Night and day he worked,—all day for his employer, and in the evening at his studies. Soon he was far enough advanced to attend the State normal. Here he moved with his young wife, who was just as anxious as he that he should complete the course. He received a position as clerk at the normal, and continued his private studies, while his wife kept boarders. Soon the

To the Stranger Within My Home

"SLEEP sweetly in this quiet room,
O whosoe'er thou art!
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart;
Nor let to-morrow scare thy rest,
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless friend,
His love surrounds thee still.
Forget thyself and all the world,
Put out each glaring light,
The stars are watching overhead,
Sleep sweetly then. Good night."

the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still sleep did not come.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer. I am going up stairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room, and up to the attic stairs, and pressed the latch very softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and there Phil lay—wide-awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got down between the sheets with his boy, and their tears got mixed upon each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And next night, when sleep time came, the father said, "Good-night, mother. I'm going up stairs with Phil." And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night again he said, "Good-night, mother; I'm going up with the boy again." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his boy.

You are not surprised to know that to-day that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China. You know, I think that father is the best human picture of God I ever saw. God couldn't take away sin. It is here. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So he came down in the person of his Son, and lay down alongside of

president saw his thirst for knowledge, and offered to so arrange his work that he might be able to begin class work. Things moved along nicely for a time, but sickness and death entered his home. At times the struggle was so great that it seemed that he must give up his desires, and go out into the world in order to earn enough to meet the heavy drains on his purse. Nevertheless both he and his wife toiled on, and after a few years of hard struggling he received his diploma.

There being a vacancy on the faculty that year, he was offered the position, and he proved to be a successful teacher in drawing, physics, and chemistry. His capabilities in teaching were recognized by leading educators, and he was invited to accept a professorship in one of the Western universities. Not feeling competent for such a position, he resigned his position at the normal, and moved to one of the large Eastern cities, where he entered a well-known college; his wife taking up her part of the work by keeping boarders, and thus helping to meet the financial part of his education. After a successful college life he came forth well fitted for any position, and accepted the professorship in the Western university. Those who have studied under this leading educator can testify of his strength of character and educational abilities.

Here is a man who had no more opportunities than many others, yet he improved them, and to-day he is a help in the educational world. This should inspire us to reach higher and higher, not to be content with a surface education, but to probe deeper and deeper for the knowledge which we desire, and which can not fail to come to us because of our faithful study.

MRS. IDA M. FISCHER.

Mayaguez, Porto Rico.



Items From the Field

MRS. METTIE S. LENKER, secretary of the Young People's work in the Southern Union Conference, writes of a recent visit to the Tennessee River Conference. She says: "I am very much encouraged with the Young People's work in this conference. There are many fine young people. They seemed to catch quickly the missionary spirit, and subscribed for a thousand of the special issue of the *Bible Training School* to sell for the benefit of the Hindustani mission. Instead of joining with the young people of the Southern Union Conference in an effort to support a native laborer in Africa, they will themselves assume the burden of supporting one."

The Society at Lebanon, Pennsylvania, reports seventeen members. They hold weekly meetings. During the quarter sixteen Bible readings have been held, a number of papers given away, many books and tracts loaned and given away. Tract racks have been placed in barber shops. Each member has a self-denial box.

There are six Societies in the Western Oregon Conference, with a total membership of ninety-seven. The secretary writes: "The members are busy visiting the sick, canvassing, selling papers, purchasing and filling tract racks. Financial reports were not made, although donations have been given for various purposes."

Mrs. Cynthia E. Jones writes of one of the Canadian Societies:—

"In November, 1904, a Young People's Society of thirteen members was organized at South

Stukely, Quebec. Since that time one member has removed, and five Home Department members have been added by correspondence, giving a present membership of seventeen. The Home Department members live at various places, and are doing an independent line of missionary work as their means and circumstances will allow."

A report of work done by the Society shows that fifteen missionary letters have been written, twelve missionary visits made, one hundred twenty papers sold, three hundred fifty papers mailed or given away, twenty-four books loaned, and nearly fourteen hundred pages of tracts given away. The contributions amount to \$2.30.

MRS. L. FLORA PLUMMER.

NOVEMBER FIELD STUDY

(November 11)

OPENING EXERCISES:—

Singing: "Christ in Song," No. 448.

Responsive Scripture reading: Rom. 10: 10-18.

Prayer. (Let a number take part.)

Singing: "Christ in Song," No. 435.

REMARKS BY THE LEADER:—

Current Events and Their Meaning—"The Awakened East," *Review and Herald*, September 21.

FIELD STUDY:—

"The Work in Spanish Honduras," *Review and Herald*, September 21.

"A Trip to a General Meeting in Brazil," *Review and Herald*, September 28.

"Mission Work in Madagascar," *Review and Herald*, October 5.

"Greetings from the Field," *Review and Herald*, October 12.

SINGING: "Christ in Song," No. 416.

ONE-MINUTE REPORTS, from Mexico; Japan; Korea; Cook Islands; Turkey; Jamaica; Kurlangsu, China; West Coast, South America; Burma; Central America; Hayti; Canton, China; Amoy, China; Ceylon; Ecuador; Basutoland; and India.

CLOSING EXERCISES.

Note

Encourage as many as possible to take part. The leader might present the introduction and closing paragraphs of the "Greetings from the Field," having different ones present the fields mentioned. This would add variety to the meeting. The one-minute reports might be only one sentence, the best that can be gleaned from the report, given as the field is called. By all means, use a map, if it is only an outline of the world, with the several fields that are mentioned, indicated.

E. H.

Reading Courses for Young People

THE difference between successful and unsuccessful persons is in their improvement of opportunities. Abraham Lincoln said, when studying diligently by the light of a fireplace, "O, I'll study and get ready, and then a chance will come." The chance did come to Abraham Lincoln; and to every young man or woman who diligently prepares for it, opportunity for useful service will come.

The schools have opened, and many young people who had hoped to enter have not been able to do so, from one cause or another. But do not despair. Make the most of every opportunity that comes to you for self-improvement. Such an opportunity is offered to the young people of the Central Union Conference, and others, in the Home Improvement Courses. Good results were seen in this work last year, and other good lines of work are offered this year.

General Culture Course

Two lines of reading are pursued at the same time in this course: (a) Bible reading in Old Testament history, including a complete outline

of Israel's history to the restoration from captivity; (b) missionary biography, autobiography of John G. Paton, a missionary to the New Hebrides. This is a wonderful story of missionary activity, and will deeply interest any one who reads it. Order from M. E. Kern, College View, Nebraska. Price, \$1.50.

Special Training Course

This course is for teachers or those who are interested in this line of work. The first eight or ten weeks will be spent in the study of "The Place of the Bible in Education," by A. T. Jones. Order from the Pacific Press Publishing Co., 1109 E. Twelfth St., Kansas City, Missouri, or from your State tract society. Price, 25 cents. The second part will be in elementary agriculture or school gardening, a series of lessons and experiments in the study of plant culture.

The "Educational Messenger"

The lessons and outlines of both these courses will appear in the *Educational Messenger*, beginning October 15, and continuing eight months. Order of Union College Press, College View, Nebraska. Price, 50 cents a year.

Enrolment and Certificates

Let those who desire to take up the General Culture Course write at once to M. E. Kern, College View, Nebraska, and those desiring the Special Training Course to B. E. Huffman, College View, Nebraska.

To those who finish in a satisfactory manner either of these courses will be granted a certificate stating that fact. Let our young people everywhere work and study to show themselves approved unto God, workmen that need not be ashamed.

M. E. KERN,

Sec. Y. P. Work, Central Union Conf.,

B. E. HUFFMAN,

Ed. Supt., Central Union Conf.

The Right Kind of Study

(Continued from page two)

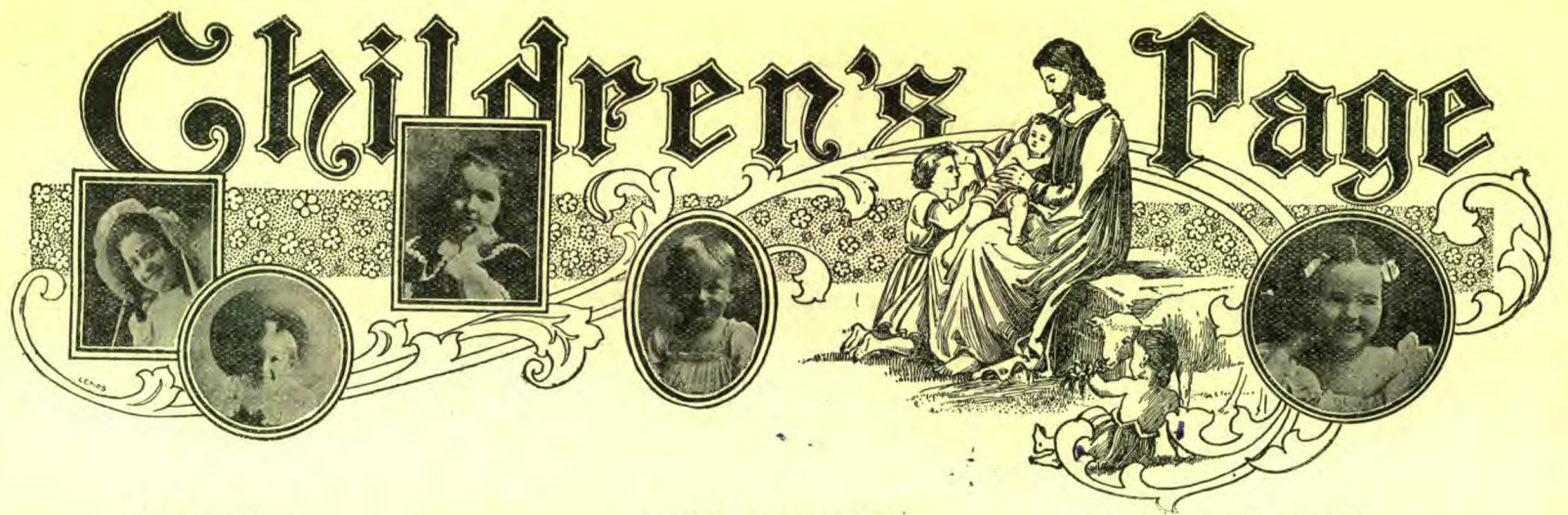
minister Christ, not ourselves. To rightly divide the word of truth is not so to dissect it as to take all the life out of it. It is also important that we present our message in a way that can be readily understood. Better say five words that are understood than five hundred that have no meaning for the listener.

In our work of ministry, we must bear in mind that the Spirit of God is striving with men, impressing their hearts, convicting them of sin and of righteousness. Our part is to be privileged helpers; to sow the seed in the soil he has prepared, ever remembering that we may plant and water, but it is God who gives the increase. See 1 Cor. 3:6. Our failure to do our duty does not affect the fact that the Spirit has done its part, but we may lose the blessing if we fail to follow where the Spirit leads.

We are to be witnesses for the Master. There should be in our own hearts and souls such an experience of the things of God that those who are strangers to it will feel hungry for that which makes us what we are. They will be led to do as we have done, partake of the water of life. But we never can give to others that which we do not ourselves have.

Finally, while we can not all work for the bodies of mankind, we are allowed the privilege of laboring for their souls. We can all point sinners to Jesus. If it is our privilege to be nurses, medical missionaries, let us try so to combine the spiritual with our physical ministry that those whom we relieve physically will be helped spiritually. Every reader of this paper can be a minister of life to the hungry and thirsty soul, if he will but walk with God, and have a genuine Christian experience. May God help us all, young and old, to decide to work for souls as we never have, and win many a jewel for the Master.

W. S. SADLER.



Nuts Are Ripe

AFTER school is out to-day,
Away to the hills we'll run;
For nuts are ripe and falling,
And gathering them is fun.

Fresh chestnuts, so crisp and sweet,
We boys think fit for a king;
So up the trees we clamber,
And shake each meat-burdened limb.

Grain bags and flour sacks, filled up,
Will make a fine winter store;
With apples, sweet and juicy,
What sane boy could ask for more?

L. S. MARDEN.

Laura's Secret

EVERY one seemed to have "crawled out of the wrong side of the bed" that morning; and when Laura came down to breakfast, papa and mama both looked troubled, the baby was crying, Ralph was muttering in an undertone, and Katie was slamming the plates on the table as if bent on their destruction. Laura's Sabbath-school verse of the week before flashed into her mind.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

"Kind to one another," she thought. "It is going to be hard this morning, but I shall try," so she took up baby with a smile and a kiss, and before he knew it, he was laughing and cooing in his sister's arms.

"There, sir, now be good while I help Katie get breakfast," she said, getting him some playthings, and starting for the kitchen.

"What's the trouble, Ralphie?" she asked, giving him a little pat and a nod as she passed him, and without waiting for an answer she crossed over to her father and dropped a kiss on the top of his head as he sat reading. He looked up with a clearing face, but she had disappeared.

She found Katie looking black, and mama bending over the stove with a flushed face. "You have a headache this morning, I see, mother, and I shall do this myself. Just go in the other room, and Katie and I will get the breakfast in a jiffy," she said, cheerily, then she kept saying to herself, "Kind to one another, kind to one another," and soon began singing over the oatmeal.

"You do beat all, Miss Laura," said Katie, cheerfully, a few minutes later. "When I came down this morning, I was in a bad humor if ever anybody was. But the sight of your face has done me a world of good. It seems so cheery to see somebody smile."

"Why don't you try it yourself, Katie?" laughed Laura. Then she repeated softly, "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

"You do me much good, Miss Laura," was Katie's only answer, and she went on taking up the breakfast.

"God bless you, my daughter," said papa, as he started down town a little later. "You have brightened up the whole day for me, and for mama as well, I judge. What is your secret, my child?" — *Young People's Paper.*

Betty's Bit of Help

BETTY ARMITAGE had not been a Christian very long. From early childhood she had gone to church, and had read her Bible, and said her prayers; had been a dear little daughter, and then growing up a sweet and graceful elder sister and lovable young girl, all without consciously giving herself up to Christ, and fully resolving to take him for her Master and Friend.

But one day a new life dawned upon Betty. Light flooded her soul. She learned what it means to belong to Christ, "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."

Then straightway she longed for opportunities to show her love. She felt an urgent impulse to become a missionary. She felt that there could not be a field so hard that she would shrink from it, a people so lonely and degraded that she would not rejoice to go to them and tell them of her Saviour and his love.

Meanwhile the way to the mission field beyond her own home was hedged up. Her father said she could not be spared; her mother looked perplexed and pained, and even bewildered, as Betty unfolded her plans and dwelt upon her wishes. Betty, more and more anxious and in earnest, felt limited and caged. It seemed to her as if she were doing nothing for the Master, when she wished supremely to be doing some great thing. She felt discontented and unhappy.

"But, Betty," said her friend, Jane Page, "when our Lord wants us in any place, he goes before us and opens the way. It may be there is some sphere of service right here which only you can fill, and until that is filled, Christ will not send you elsewhere."

Betty went home carrying this simple thought. Jane Page had intuitions, perhaps, because she daily asked to be filled with the Spirit, and kept herself always ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it might be, not caring whether the errand on which he sent her was a lofty or a lowly one.

Betty turned her latch-key and ran up-stairs to her own beautiful room on the third floor. As she passed grandmother's door, at the top of the first landing, it stood ajar, and she glanced in.

Grandmother was sitting as usual, her dim eyes patiently closed, her thin hands folded in her lap. Her room was sunny and pleasant, with flowers in the windows, which grandmother, having a cataract, could not see, but which diffused a delicate fragrance.

It suddenly struck Betty that grandmother must have many tedious hours. Necessarily, she had supposed, grandmother was often alone. How could it be helped? Mother had her house-keeping and her clubs. The younger children went to school, father was at his office, and Betty herself had a dozen engagements for every day. They had all been kind, deferential, and amiable in their behavior to grandmother, but she had been as it were left on a side-track, while their busy lives went whirling on.

All this passed through Betty's mind in a flash of clear insight, as she tapped on grandmother's door.

"Come in, dearie," said the sweet old voice. The face, so quiet a moment ago, stirred and lit up with a pleasant welcome.

"Is it you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, dear grandmother," answered Betty. "May I come in and talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, dear; I am glad to have company."

Betty sat down and talked to grandmother, charmingly, entertainingly, described a procession she had seen down town, gave grandmother the news of the cousins and aunties; finally read to her for a while, and before either of them was aware, the morning had slipped by, and the maid came to say that luncheon was ready.

"I have had a beautiful time, Elizabeth," said grandmother; "and I was just then thinking as if the Lord had forgotten that I was old, and blind, and weak, when he sent you in to cheer me and make me strong."

So Betty discovered that she did not need to look for distant service just yet. Here, in her own home, was an aged servant of Christ who was in special want of special ministry. Jesus meant his young disciple to be the eyes and hands and feet for a while to this dear older one.

"And I was ashamed, Jane," she said, afterward, "to have it revealed to me that I had never given grandmother a thought. She wasn't a pauper, she was just grandmother—so unobtrusive and sweet, and so little given to asking for attention, that I had forgotten how heavily the time must hang on her hands—she who used to be so active, and who must now be so often laid aside."

"Do not feel ashamed, my dear," said Jane Page. "You show your willingness to do what Christ desires by just taking hold of this little bit of helpfulness."

To every one of us, younger, and beginning to walk in the blessed way, or older, and far on the road, the lesson comes in endless repetition to do the next thing. That next thing may carry you to a hospital to nurse the sick; it may send you to a zenana in distant India; it may lead you into city slums; it may guide you into a room in your own house, where one of Christ's little ones needs you. But serve him with a loving heart and a willing mind, and a blessing will be yours as you sit at his feet.—*Margaret E. Sangster, in Happy Days.*

Who Were These Women?

SHE was obedient to her father even when queen.

She received from a stranger a gift for her wrists and ears.

She had great care for the poor, and was deeply mourned when she died.

Though a prophetess, she was jealous of her brother; and God sorely punished her for her sin.

She was the most wicked woman described in the Bible.

She greatly deceived a king of Israel.

Her life depended on a red cord.

She was the mother of the apostle Paul's "son in the gospel."

She said to her mother-in-law, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

She allowed her household perplexities and duties to make her discourteous to her guest.

She was one of the judges of Israel.

She coveted and falsified, and for these sins received immediate punishment.

She entertained the apostle Paul at Philippi.

[Let some one who has been thinking of writing for the Letter Box give the names of the women referred to when he writes. Wouldn't it be interesting on Sabbath afternoon for two or three persons to read together what the Bible says of each of these women?—Ed.]

The Outdoor Life



ALL possible significance of those significant words, fresh air, sunshine, freedom, peace, and rest, expressed in one brief phrase—"camping out"! A clear title to the whole great outdoor world bestowed

upon us as a free gift through the generous affluence of a single institution—a tent!

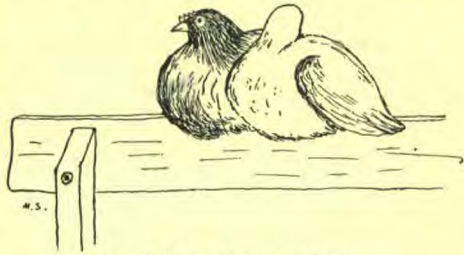
There is a peculiar beauty and solemnity in watching the approach of night under the open sky; and, likewise, no one has ever seen the perfection of dawn who has not made himself a part of it, and witnessed the wondrous transformation of night into day—of darkness into light—with neither intervening objects nor interfering duties to divide his attention. Nor can the amount of bracing freshness that may be contained in even the hottest summer morning, be realized by one who has never felt it under the trees, in the wet grass and cool breeze, heralded by the first drowsy chirps of shivering birds. The birds always sing their loudest about the time the sun appears, and one who has been among them as the day breaks, can easily believe they sing as much in joyful welcome to the warmth as to the light.

The shade cast by the trees upon the canvas; the grass blowing in at the door; the flowers muffling the stakes, and tangling in the guy-ropes; the sights, sounds, and actions of the things in nature, leading a life similar to his beside his tent, bring to the camper a feeling of kinship to all creation, and consequently to the Creator.

"Ah! Out among the flowers and grass and trees,

In solitude and silence, undisturbed,
With soul o'erflowing with desire and need,
And heart attuned to nature's symphonies,
How close to God the waiting soul may come!
For, as the power of human influence
Recedes and vanishes, with all its world,
The presence of Jehovah draws so near
That—with the head laid on the cool green sod—

The spirit almost hears the mighty beats
Of the great Heart that thrills the universe,



REGULAR ATTENDANTS

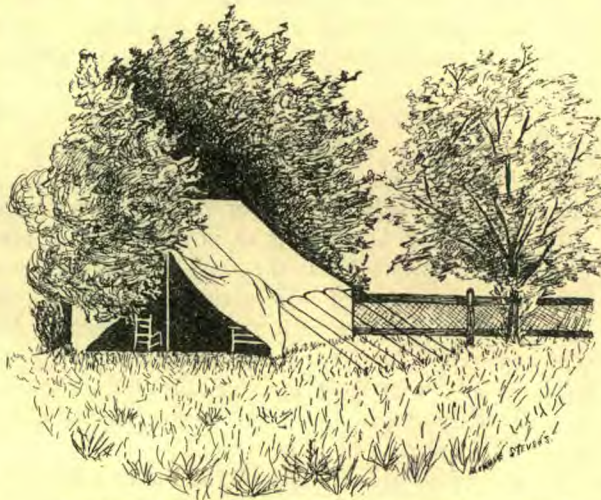
And lifts the pulses of ten million worlds
In ceaseless motion round unending space."

People in general are beginning to realize this, and consequently the tent-meeting is becoming popular. There are Chautauqua assemblies, various society conventions, summer schools, and religious gatherings, as well as pleasure parties of many sorts, all held in tents, and all designed to combine physical and spiritual refreshment with some more material object. In educational meetings, there seems to be something especially inspiring in the combination of outdoor life with

study. Indeed, why should not mental as well as physical exercise be particularly effectual when taken in the open air?

A delightful example of the last-mentioned class of tent-meetings, was recently conducted in the outskirts of a pretty country village. The students lodged in small tents, surrounding a large one, where the classes were heard. Often, however, on fine days, the students assembled in the shade of an "early harvest" apple-tree, and were there doubly taught from the printed page and the book of nature. Occasionally an inconsiderate apple dropped unceremoniously upon some unsuspecting head or shoulder, to the serious disturbance of dignity in teacher or pupil, as the case might be, but no harm ever resulted therefrom; such was merely one of nature's ways of *forcibly* impressing a lesson—Newton's law, perhaps—and, like all her methods when understood, was direct, conclusive, and productive only of good if properly applied and received.

In the early morning, the tents were filled with sounds of fluttering and scratching made by the birds on the roof, while throughout the day, the camp was frequented by a numerous delegation from neighboring poultry yards. These same delegates were also regular attendants at morning worship, sometimes—rude creatures!—sleeping during the entire service, with heads comfortably tucked beneath wings;



A CLEAR TITLE TO THE WHOLE OUTSIDE WORLD

but usually they perched on the backs of rear seats, and there remained till the congregation was dismissed, preserving, meanwhile, an air of grave attentiveness that might well be imitated by certain other church-goers—not feathered.

The fowls seemed actually to enjoy the singing, and not infrequently, during the progress of the verbal exercises, seemed to prompt its beginning by a shrill crow from some remote corner of the tent.

Perhaps there were some slightly less pleasant phases of this charming summer school. On warm days, when the sun crept around to a position where he could peep under the tree tops and shine upon the tents, they were hot, while the white glare of the canvas was trying to the eyes. But it lasted only a short time, and the delicious coolness of evening was the more enjoyable afterward.

Then it rained,—not a gentle drizzle, but a veritable downpour. The tents were a perfect shelter, but everything soon became damp notwithstanding, while each step outside, into the wet clover, dragged skirts and spoiled shoes. But, like the evening, the coolness of the rain was delightful, while the patter of the drops so close at hand was novel, and even entertaining



A FLOWER COVERED TENT STAKE

when, with a book or a pen, one prepared to spend a cozy hour in study, snugly housed inside his well-stretched curtains. All regarded the rain as but one more natural aspect of camping, rather enjoying it, and certainly not one objecting enough to grumble. Such is another result of the outdoor life; one soon grows reconciled to every phase of nature, and learns not only to endure, but actually to enjoy what, when living in a house, would be considered decided discomfort.

One Sabbath morning, when the whole camp had come together for worship, a honey-bee came flying down, and buzzed busily in a clump of clover near at hand. "Mr. Bee," thought I, "do you not know this is the Sabbath, and you should not be at work? Go home with your honey-bags, and rest!"

But the bee hummed on. If he understood, he gave no heed, but buzzed among the clover heads till weary, then rose above them and flew away.

Almost everything in the outdoor life teaches directly of God, yet are themselves incapable of comprehending him; then how much more is it a duty of man, who alone has comprehension, to *teach* directly and only of God, as well as to *learn* directly and only of him? This is the greatest lesson of the outdoor life.

MINNIE ROSILLA STEVENS.

Pay the Full Price

WE must pay the full price for all we get in the market of life. Take knowledge, culture. Every true-hearted man desires to be intelligent. But there is only one way to win this attainment: you must pay the full price. Indolence never yet won it. You can not pick it up. The gold must be dug out of the depths of the rock, dug out grain by grain, dug out, too, by your own hands. It is wealth one can not get by inheritance, as men get farms and money and stocks. It is treasure which no one can give unto us, however willing he might be to do it. We must gather it for ourselves, pick the precious metal out of the rocks with our own pick. A rich man can get many things by paying for them. Men are glad to work for him to get his gold.

But though he were willing to pay out his millions, he can not get knowledge, intelligence, culture, wisdom, for money. These are treasures which he can make his own only by long, diligent, unwearied, unresisting study. Nothing less than the full price will buy these attainments.—*The Young Man*.



INTERMEDIATE LESSON

VI—Lazarus Raised From the Dead

(November 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: John 11.

MEMORY VERSE: "I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." Verse 25.

"Now a certain man was sick, named Lazarus,

of Bethany, the town of Mary and her sister Martha. (It was that Mary which anointed the Lord with ointment, and wiped his feet with her hair, whose brother Lazarus was sick.) Therefore his sisters sent unto him, saying, Lord, behold, he whom thou lovest is sick. When Jesus heard that, he said, This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God, that the Son of God might be glorified thereby.

"Now Jesus loved Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus. When he had heard therefore that he was sick, he abode two days still in the same place where he was. Then after that saith he to his disciples, Let us go into Judea again. His disciples say unto him, Master, the Jews of late sought to stone thee; and goest thou thither again? Jesus answered, Are there not twelve hours in the day? If any man walk in the day, he stumbleth not, because he seeth the light of this world. But if a man walk in the night, he stumbleth, because there is no light in him.

"These things said he: and after that he saith unto them, Our friend Lazarus sleepeth; but I go, that I may awake him out of sleep. Then said his disciples, Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well. Howbeit Jesus spake of his death: but they thought that he had spoken of taking of rest in sleep. Then said Jesus unto them plainly, Lazarus is dead. And I am glad for your sakes that I was not there, to the intent ye may believe; nevertheless let us go unto him.

"Then said Thomas, which is called Didymus, unto his fellow disciples, Let us also go, that we may die with him. Then when Jesus came, he found that he had lain in the grave four days already. Now Bethany was nigh unto Jerusalem, about fifteen furlongs off: and many of the Jews came to Martha and Mary, to comfort them concerning their brother. Then Martha, as soon as she heard that Jesus was coming, went and met him: but Mary sat still in the house.

"Then said Martha unto Jesus, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. But I know, that even now, whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it thee. Jesus saith unto her, Thy brother shall rise again. Martha saith unto him, I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection at the last day.

"Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. Believest thou this? She saith unto him, Yea, Lord: I believe that thou art the Christ, the Son of God, which should come into the world.

"And when she had so said, she went her way, and called Mary her sister secretly, saying, The Master is come, and calleth for thee. As soon as she heard that, she arose quickly, and came unto him. Now Jesus was not yet come into the town, but was in that place where Martha met him. The Jews then which were with her in the house, and comforted her, when they saw Mary, that she rose up hastily and went out, followed her, saying, She goeth unto the grave to weep there.

"Then when Mary was come where Jesus was, and saw him, she fell down at his feet, saying unto him, Lord, if thou hadst been here, my brother had not died. When Jesus therefore saw her weeping, and the Jews also weeping which came with her, he groaned in the spirit, and was troubled. And said, Where have ye laid him? They said unto him, Lord, come and see. Jesus wept. Then said the Jews, Behold how he loved him! And some of them said, Could not this man, which opened the eyes of the blind, have caused that even this man should not have died?

"Jesus therefore again groaning in himself cometh to the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus said, Take ye away the stone. Martha, the sister of him that was dead, saith unto him, Lord, by this time he stinketh: for he hath been dead four days. Jesus saith unto her,

Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?

"Then they took away the stone from the place where the dead was laid. And Jesus lifted up his eyes, and said, Father, I thank thee that thou hast heard me. And I knew that thou hearest me always: but because of the people which stand by I said it, that they may believe that thou has sent me. And when he thus had spoken, he cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth. And he that was dead came forth, bound hand and foot with grave-clothes: and his face was bound about with a napkin. Jesus saith unto them, Loose him, and let him go.

"Then many of the Jews which came to Mary, and had seen the things which Jesus did, believed on him. But some of them went their ways to the Pharisees, and told them what things Jesus had done.

"Then gathered the chief priests and the Pharisees a council, and said, What do we? for this man doeth many miracles. If we let him thus alone, all men will believe on him: and the Romans shall come and take away both our place and nation. And one of them, named Caiaphas, being the high priest that same year, said unto them, Ye know nothing at all, nor consider that it is expedient for us, that one man should die for the people, and that the whole nation perish not. And this spake he not of himself: but being high priest that year, he prophesied that Jesus should die for that nation; and not for that nation only, but that also he should gather together in one the children of God that were scattered abroad.

"Then from that day forth they took counsel together for to put him to death. Jesus therefore walked no more openly among the Jews; but went thence unto a country near to the wilderness, into a city called Ephraim, and there continued with his disciples."

Questions

1. What family did Jesus often visit at Bethany? How were the members of this little household regarded by Jesus? What message was sent to him concerning Lazarus? What did Jesus say when he received this message?

2. How long did Jesus stay in the place where he was before he went to Lazarus? What did he then say to his disciples? Why did they think it would be better not to go to Bethany? How did Jesus answer this objection?

3. What did Jesus now say to his disciples concerning Lazarus? What did he say he would do? How did the disciples answer Jesus? What did they think Jesus meant when he said, "Our friend Lazarus sleepeth"? What did he mean?

4. What did Jesus plainly say concerning Lazarus? Why was he glad that he was not there? What did Thomas now say? What do his words show? How near was Bethany to Jerusalem? What was the feeling of the Jews against Jesus in this region?

5. What did Jesus find when he came near Bethany? Who were with Mary and Martha? What did Martha do when she heard that Jesus was coming? What were her first sorrowful words when she met Jesus? In what way did she express her faith in the Master?

6. What did Jesus say to Martha about Lazarus? What did Martha now say? What did Jesus say that he is? What of every one who believes on him? By what words did Martha now express her perfect trust and faith in the Saviour?

7. Where did Martha now go? What did she say to Mary? Where was Jesus? What was said by the Jews who were gathered in the house when they saw Mary go away?

8. What did Mary say when she saw Jesus? What did she do? How did Jesus feel when he saw her sorrow? What did he ask? What was said by the Jews when they saw Jesus weep?

What question was raised by some of those who stood by?

9. Describe the sepulcher in which Lazarus was laid. What did Jesus command to be done? What did Martha say? Of what did Jesus remind Martha? When they took away the stone, what did Jesus do? For what did he offer thanks to his Father?

10. When Jesus had prayed, what command did he give to Lazarus? When Jesus had thus spoken, what happened? What did Jesus say to those who stood by?

11. What effect did this wonderful miracle have on some of those who had come out to weep with Mary? What was done by others? What was held by the chief priests and Pharisees? What did they say? Repeat the words of Caiaphas to this council. By what power did he speak these words? From this time what did the leaders of the Jews seek to do?

THE YOUTH'S LESSON

VI—Promulgation of the Decree

(November 11)

LESSON SCRIPTURE: Esther 3:12-15; 4:1-14.

MEMORY VERSE: "When a man's ways please the Lord, he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him." Prov. 16:7.

Questions

1. Give the substance of the decree sent out by the king under Haman's direction. Esther 3:13.

2. What day was set for this great slaughter? Esther 3:13.

3. Give the points of similarity between the decree to be issued against God's people, and the decree of Ahasuerus. Note.

4. How much time intervened between the making of the decree of Ahasuerus and the date set for its execution? Verses 12, 13.

5. How extensively was the decree proclaimed? Verse 14.

6. With what haste was this done? Verse 15.

7. How was it received by the people? Verse 15, last clause. How did it affect the Jews? Esther 4:3.

8. What effect did it have on Mordecai? Verses 1, 2.

9. How did Esther learn of Mordecai's grief? What did she do? How did he treat the gift? Verse 4.

10. What did Esther then do? Verse 5.

11. What word did Mordecai send to her? Verses 7, 8. What did he tell her she must do? Verse 8, last part.

12. How did Esther excuse herself? Verses 10, 11.

13. What reply did Mordecai send to her? Verse 13.

14. What evidence is there that Mordecai expected that deliverance would come from some source? Verse 14. What suggestion did he make to Esther concerning her position in the kingdom? Verse 14, last part.

15. Who at a former time was placed next to the throne, that he might deliver God's people in the time of a crisis? Gen. 45:4-8.

Note

When the protection of human laws shall be withdrawn from those who honor the law of God, there will be, in different lands, a simultaneous movement for their destruction. As the time appointed in the decree draws near, the people will conspire to root out the hated sect. It will be determined in one night to strike a decisive blow, which shall entirely silence the voice of dissent and reproof.—"Great Controversy," Chapter 40, first paragraph.



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SCATTER tracts and papers everywhere. Who?—Every one of us.

CHRIST did care, he does still, whether you and I are thoughtful and skilful; no gain of ours that is not joy to our loving Lord. But he sees divinely that all thought and skill must get value only from goodness, and on that his eye is fastened, his care is lavished.—*Phillips Brooks.*

ONE person remarked to another, "When I hear any of our people talk about this truth, it seems like children talking of some of their commonplace affairs." Surely such a statement could not be made of those who properly sense the fact that God has intrusted to them his last message of mercy to a sinning, perishing world. The zeal of those who believe this message should not fall short of that manifested by the Saviour in his personal work for the lost and dying.

"LET us build with you: for we seek your God." There are many hungry souls in the world to-day who in their hearts are saying to us, "Let us build with you: for we seek your God." They may know nothing about the distinctive truths of the third angel's message, but their hearts are calling for truth. The missionary campaign offers to each one of us an opportunity of personally seeking out these, and inviting them to come and "build with us," building for eternity; and angels of God are waiting to direct us to them.

A STUDENT in the Presbyterian mission in the French Kongo, Africa, tells how converts bear the "Christian's burden." "I have a little bag," he says, "and into this I put the Lord's money as soon as I receive it. When the Sabbath comes, my bag never fails me." The two essential points of this African's practise are: (1) a part of all money gained must be given to God; (2) the Lord's money must be put by itself as soon as received. Where this practise is followed, one examines the contents of the Lord's purse when the contribution-box comes round, and the question settles itself.

JAMES BUNDY, of Bristol, England, used to visit the markets once a week to aid the poor. If he saw a needy person looking at some necessary food, and on inquiring the price turn away for lack of money to make the purchase, he would call him back, and ask, "What can you afford to give for it?" On being told how much, Mr. Bundy would produce the additional sum, and enable the poor man to buy the desired article. Our Provider goes further. His love gifts are constant. Not a day passes but he loads us with benefits. He openeth his hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing. How do we express our gratitude for this constant providing love?

The Luther League

THIS league has been formed for the purpose of acquainting its members with the teachings and history of the Christian church as a whole, especially of the Lutheran Church, the church of the Reformation. It provides a course of reading which will give a knowledge of the work of the great Reformers, Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon, Huss, Jerome, Knox, Calvin, and Wesley. It is also designed to strengthen the spiritual life. Familiarity with the work wrought by these men of power, must necessarily be an inspiration and an encouragement to every child of God.

Read D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation" if you have not already. "Great Controversy" will give a good condensed review of the Reformation, together with the work of the reformers that are to prepare the way for the Lord's coming. Read it, and read it again.

Night

I SAW a hand of beauty all untold
Gleam for an instant, seize the sable fold
Of night's black veil, old earth's nocturnal gown,
And o'er her wrinkled forehead smooth it down.
I heard a voice so sweetly infinite,
Far tenderer than a mother's, when at night
She, bending o'er her sleeping infant, prays,
And lulls him to repose with childish lays,
Which softly whispered o'er earth's troubled breast
In sweetest accents, "Rest, my children, rest:
Cease thy wild throbbings, hearts of earth, be still,
And rest, my weary children,—ye who will."
The voice ceased speaking, from the heavenly height
The stars burst outward, and behold! 'twas night.
GILBERT MALCOLM FESS.

Remember the Special Numbers of Our Foreign Papers

THE International Publishing Association at College View, Nebraska, will concentrate their whole effort on one number of the German, Danish-Norwegian, and Swedish papers, instead of four numbers, for the missionary campaign this fall. They are planning to get these papers out about the time of the second number of the series of *The Signs of the Times*. The foreign papers will have a choice collection of articles from our best writers on the Second Coming of Christ, Saints' Inheritance, Last Message, State of the Dead, the Sabbath, Sunday Laws, Characteristics of the Last Church, and kindred topics. These special numbers will be well illustrated, containing twenty-four pages and cover, which will make them valuable papers for circulation, and good sellers. All our readers should order a supply of these papers for their friends and neighbors who read any one of these languages. Price, five cents each; ten or more, three cents each. Order of your tract society or of the publishers.

"My Garden Neighbors"

THIS is a new book for our young people. It contains true stories of things witnessed, for the most part, in the author's garden. It is a good book to read to your children or to give them for their perusal. It will cultivate in them a love for truth, and at the same time give them a love for nature and a desire to study the handiwork of God.

The latter part of the book is an introduction to the birds, showing how to learn the names of many of the common ones in America. It tells some of the most interesting things about them, and points out the things of nature which one should study and look for. The last chapter tells how to take up a careful and extended study of the birds. It ought to be in every home and in every church-school.

"My Garden Neighbors," by Dr. L. A. Reed, is nicely illustrated, and contains 256 pages. Price, \$1. Order of your tract society, or of

Review and Herald Publishing Assn., Washington, D. C., or Battle Creek, Mich., or of any of our publishing houses.



MINNEWAUKON, N. D., Aug. 18, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I am a reader of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR. I live on a farm about seven miles from town. I go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and my papa and mama and my sister Edith go, too. I take the *Little Friend*, and like it very much. I am ten years old.

I lost my last number of the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR, Aug. 15, 1905, and would like very much to have it if you could please send it to me. I hope this will not crowd out any other letter. I send two cents to pay for my INSTRUCTOR, Aug. 15, 1905.
WINNIFRED SHIELDS.

KORHN, WASH., July 25, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy reading the articles in the INSTRUCTOR. This is the first letter I ever wrote to the INSTRUCTOR. I have three brothers and two sisters alive, and one brother and one sister dead. I have a missionary garden and four chickens, also a cat, a dog, and a colt.

We go to Sabbath-school every Sabbath, and I have been secretary for two quarters. I am thirteen years old, and am in the fifth grade. I am trying to be good, and I want you to pray for me. I was baptized three years ago last May. Good-by.
MARY DAVIS.

ELKWOOD, ALA., Aug. 26, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy our little paper very much; it is so instructive. I am fourteen years old. I go to public school because there is no church-school here. I went to church-school when we lived in Wisconsin, but we left there when I was eleven years old.

It is a beautiful country here, a real flower garden. The winters are mild, and the summers delightful. We have a small company of Sabbath-keepers here, and we would like to have more Adventist families come here to live. I have one sister and one brother. I am trying to be a good girl so I can meet all our readers in the earth made new. I would like for some of you to write to me.
AMY MAY.

SPOKANE, WASH., Aug. 10, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: I enjoy the articles in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR very much, especially "Sabbath Observance in Olden Time," and "Practical Things about Tithing."

I would like to have a full description of the Simplon Tunnel. I have seen a few paragraphs in the newspapers, and would like to know more about it. If you could give us an article in the YOUTH'S INSTRUCTOR about it, I would be very much obliged.
Yours truly,
VIOLA G. VESEY.

I like this letter, for it shows that Miss Viola is interested in things of real worth. I will try to provide the article on the Simplon Tunnel.

MARLETTE, MICH., June 20, 1905.

DEAR EDITOR: As we are the only Sabbath-keepers living here, we have to have our Sabbath-school and meetings all alone, but we are happy in the love of Jesus, even if we do sometimes feel lonely. I am the only member of the Young People's Society in this place, and I am doing all the missionary work I can. I sell the *Life Boat* and distribute papers, also tracts when I can get them. I can not get many because of lack of means. Could not you who are interested in missionary work make me a donation of different kinds of tracts? I love to do such work, and would like to devote my whole time to it, but have other work to do. I have seventy-five little chickens to look after and feed, and have to help my mother quite a bit, but I am happy and contented.
ELLA BRONSON.

I am sorry your letter, Miss Ella, has not found a place in the Letter Box sooner. I will send you some tracts for distribution. One little tract, and in some instances a small part of one, has been the means of bringing many into the truth.